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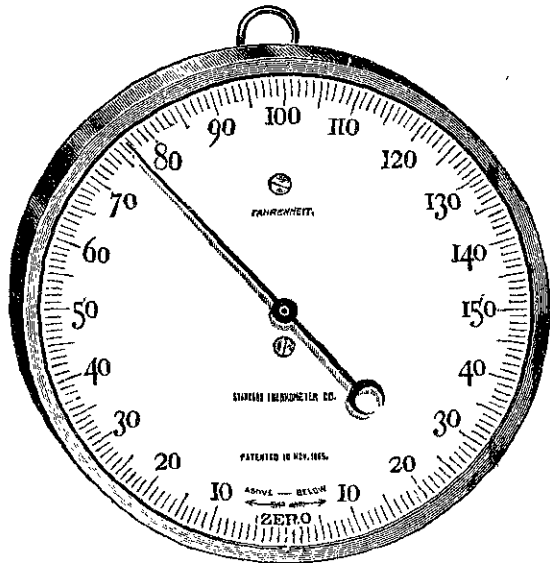
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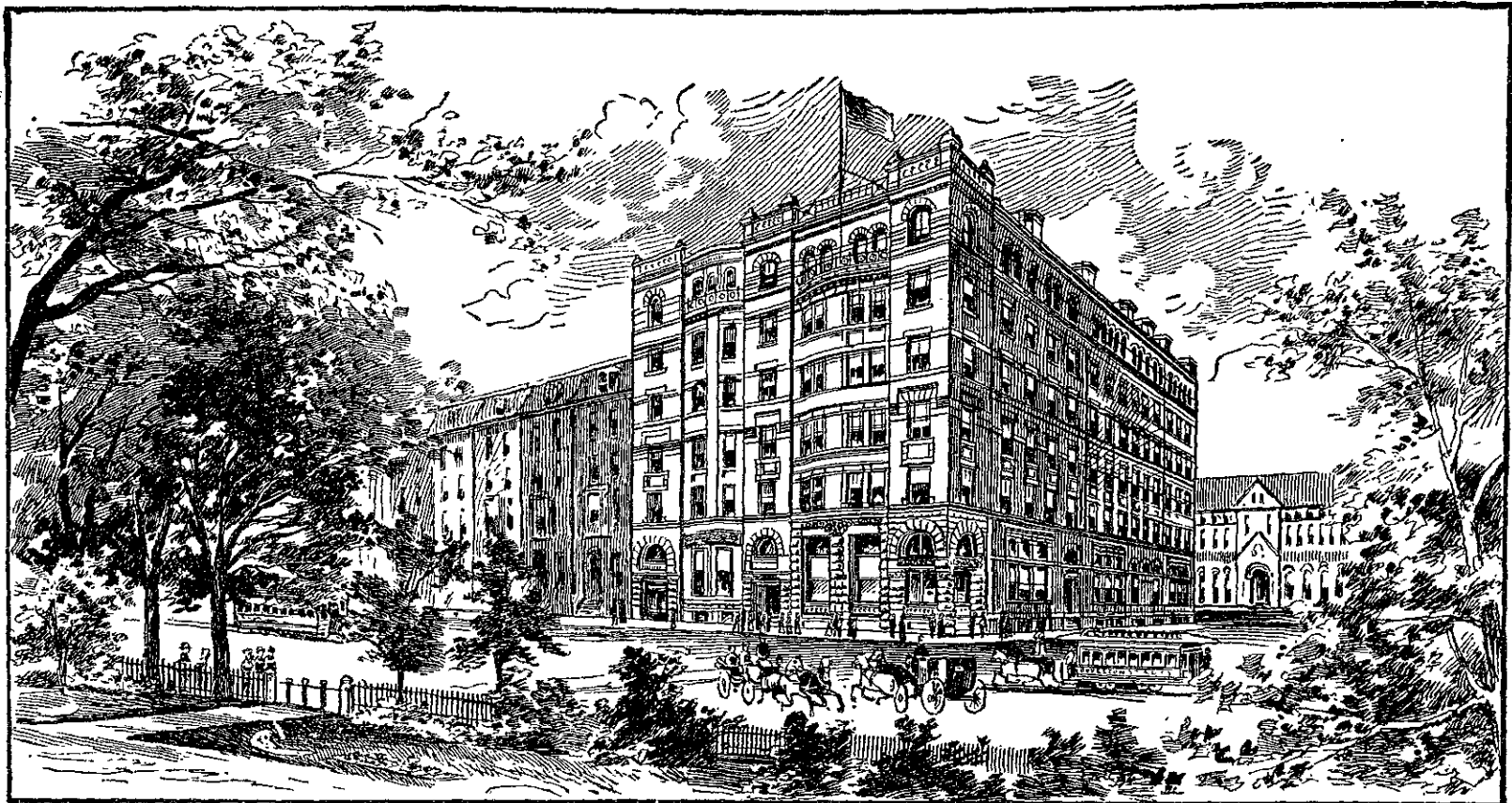
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The Tech.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY 21, 1889.

NO. 10.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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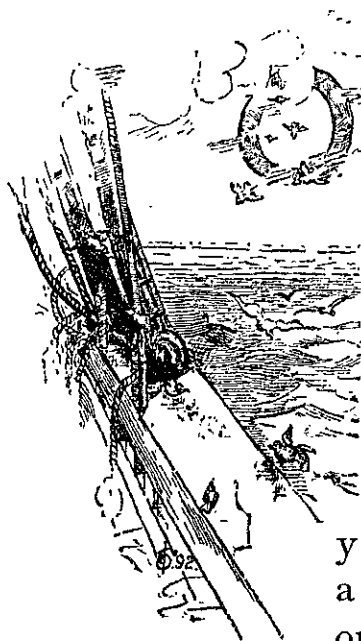
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UR brothers of Eighty-nine seem to have decided to leave the Institute with all possible properness. They have given up the Senior Ball, whose subscription fiends have worried under-classmen for years past; they have elected a large, and we hope thoroughly efficient, Class-day

Committee, and from all indications seem bent on "doing their duty, as usual." With over two months to make their preparations, this committee should surely give us something out of the ordinary run of such affairs at the Institute. To be sure, '87 and '88 both improved on Class days of the past, and really had very enjoyable affairs. What we hope to see '89 accomplish, however, is something that will not

only live to following classes in "Technique," but will live as a marvel and a pattern to all succeeding graduations. It is very nice to be a Senior, and look extremely wise and important; but it would be very unfortunate, as it will be very improbable, to have the Freshman Class impressed on one's Class day with the conviction that they could do it better themselves. Eighty-nine surely will not allow anything of this kind to take place; and '89 will probably give us something really worth staying in town a week after the examinations to attend.

IT must be understood by the powers that be, that the editing of a college paper means a considerable expenditure of time and energy. Now why is it, that since the Editorial Board spends this time, and does the necessary work to publish the journal, that their efforts are not recognized by the Faculty? There can possibly be no production of any educational institution that gives it more prominence than the periodical published by the students.

Our office cat boarded the train last night for New York, and taking his seat in the sleeper, sank into a reverie upon the eternal unfitness of things. At that instant he heard a chuckle, and looking over the shoulder of the man sitting in front of him,—what did he see? Why, nothing more or less than a copy of THE TECH. Then our feline associate once more dropped into his reverie, and revolved in his mind what an excellent training for a journalistic life the work on his paper was. Many men have a certain sneaking liking for journalism in their make up, and would, if it were not that the Faculty sit down on any man connected with outside work with such peculiar emphasis, enter into it.

Now, the drift of this article is toward placing the editorial work of the paper under a certain amount of surveillance on the part of the Faculty. We who pay our tuition fees, and do the work given us by our professors, would like to have some credit for the time and trouble spent upon THE TECH. We do our best to make the college paper one that will reflect credit upon the Institute, and make it known from the Sphinx of Egypt to the shores of Japan, to both of which places THE TECH wends its way through the mails at each issue. It is a subject but little looked into as far as known; but why wait for custom to show us the way? Why not place THE TECH upon the curriculum under the heading "Journalism?" Under such circumstances a weekly, or even daily paper might be published, giving in the case of a daily an easy means of publishing communications from professors to students, and so forth, as is done by means of the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton papers.

AS everyone has by this time seen the posters of the Athletic Club's Spring Meeting, to be held March 2d, not much can be said as far as information goes.

The entries which are expected from the Boston, Harvard, and Yale Athletic Associations, will make the meeting one of unusual interest. To the men intending to enter, it may be said that every effort has been made by the Executive Committee to induce men to take part. Large three-handled cups of new design are to be offered for prizes; and in order to eliminate all objections in regard to the slippery floor of Winslow's Skating Rink, it is proposed to stretch a large canvas tightly over the space devoted to the contestants. This canvas will be highly rosined, and is sure to prevent that slipping which was an unpleasant feature of last year's games. To all men who do not intend to enter, it is hoped that they will do their share in making the meeting a success financially, by attending in full force.

WE cannot exactly appreciate the wiseness of the Sophomoric wisdom displayed by Ninety One, in its mode of selecting "Technique" editors for next year.

When they become Juniors and the Annual is maturing, they may repent of their hasty method of election.

A committee to be useful and effective should be small enough to handle, and small enough to prevent, the manipulation of cliques. Starting now, as they have, with a committee of twenty-five, is it possible to hold meetings so arranged that *all* can be present, and where no candidate shall be misrepresented; again, here is a circle large enough to admit of the machinations of a wheel within a wheel. We sincerely trust that no difficulties may be met with, or poor men chosen for the position through failure of the venture.

The men eminently fitted for the position are not very difficult to discover, and if a small, active committee, personally disinterested, were given the task of submitting candidates enough for the class to choose a Board from, it would seem much better than taking the chance of finding *the* ones among twenty-five chosen by popular vote, with a certainty of sore heads and dissatisfaction in a ponderous and unwieldy committee. Ninety-One has an excellent standard to sustain or overstep, and we hope this will not prove a stumbling-block in her path to success.

AS may be seen by referring to the communication printed in this issue, at the coming International Exposition at Paris there is to be a department of college exhibits. All colleges are invited to place there articles of interest. As the leading scientific college in the country, should not we be represented?

Of course there would be considerable expense involved, and THE TECH suggests that the requisite sum be raised by popular subscription; for surely the students would be

proud to exhibit their work for such a good cause, and would not hesitate in the matter of support.

To make such an exhibit it would be necessary to send photographs of buildings, both interior and exterior, pictures of victorious athletic teams, specimens of handiwork and a file of THE TECH. Communications from the students or the Faculty upon this subject will be printed in THE TECH. Let us hear some opinions.

THE spring games will soon be a thing of the past, and we hope our athletes have done their best to make them interesting. Hard work is undoubtedly necessary in order to sustain our previous records.

Last year some events were omitted, on account of individual policy. This hardly seems just. When an event is won, part of the honor goes to the winners, but the other part is the due of the institution which upholds them. The individuals may themselves be satisfied with the one honor, but the institution, in its position, is unable to be so easily contented; its records must be defended. How can it, if the individuals deem it the best policy to retire on their record? This is what might be termed lack of enterprise, and is our greatest drawback in athletics.

To the Co-op.

The pretty shopgirl, one of few
Who work for Blank & Dash,
Had made her sale, and so we two
Were waiting for the cash.

"What will you charge me for a kiss?"
I ask her as she waits;
She smiles, and says, "I think it is
Co-operative rates."

Mr. B-t-tt: "Mr. C-n-nt, how would you differentiate the original expression?"

Mr. C-n-nt: "Which original expression, the first or the second?"

Mr. B-t-tt: "Please come to order, gentlemen."

A Story.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO weeks passed, and Mrs. Darcy became no better. The grave expression on Dr. Jellet's face increased with his visits. Since that first night when Jack Darcy had lifted his pale face and looked defiantly at him, as he answered his blunt question, the doctor had said little to him. He asked him no further questions, but his keen eyes readily perceived the stress of mental suffering under which Jack was laboring.

Now, Dr. Jellet was a sharp student of human nature, and it is not safe to assume that he interpreted the young man's answer to his question literally. On the contrary, he placed very little credence in Jack's veracity in this particular case. He had not considered it necessary to tell that young gentleman that he had sat by the sick woman's bedside, and listened to her delirious talk, in which the name "Cordella" was frequently repeated.

Of course he knew of Cordella Darcy, and he was a very shrewd old man. Whatever it was that he thought, he did not communicate it to Jack; and so that young man continued to bear his self-imposed burden of suffering, totally unconscious, when he occasionally found the bright gray eyes of the old physician fixed upon him, that their owner was undecided as to which sensation he should allow the ascendancy,—his disgust at what he considered the boy's "foolishness," or his admiration for the dominant generosity and inexorable pride which prompted it.

With Jack himself, the mental struggle had been a terrible one. At first all had been chaos; as we have said, his sense of humiliated pride and shame predominated. In his feverish excitement he magnified his trouble, and his imagination brought his brother's disgrace to be his own. But Dr. Jellet's uncompromising question aroused him from his lethargy, and the sudden, bold resolution, formed and carried out without reasoning as to its stability,

helped him to settle on a definite course of action; and once having started on that course, it became impossible to turn back. Looking at it now, in the clear light of a later time, it is difficult to see just how he proposed to carry out successfully the course he adopted. It was evident that exposure was inevitable, and was limited only to the recovery of Mrs. Darcy or the return of the husband.

Perhaps Jack intended his action only as a temporary one, which would serve his purpose in bridging over the awkward emergency. Already there was forming in his mind a vague idea of keeping the whole thing a secret until Cordella could be found, and brought to his senses to such an extent that everything could be arranged creditably, and the family honor saved. Without going too far into the complexities which were certain to rise, he undoubtedly felt satisfied that his plan was one which would successfully meet all comment for the time being, and still would readily be explainable when explanation became necessary. What he did not foresee, in the blindness of his generosity, was the sacrifice devolving upon himself.

To accomplish his plan, it was necessary that the presence of Cordella's wife and child in his apartments, and even in London, must be kept a secret, if possible. He felt comparatively safe in relying upon Dr. Jellet's professional integrity. The greatest cause for his anxiety came from another direction. How was he to explain matters to his *fiancé*? She, last of all, must know the truth. He was in an agony of doubt and apprehension. It had been nearly two weeks since he had written to her. He knew that there was a pile of letters daily accumulating for him at the club, but he had not trusted himself to appear there. He would not send for them; there was something repulsive in the thought of dragging *her* even through her letters into the affair. What he had done was to write a brief note to his friend Dysart, saying that important business demanded his attention for a week or two, and

begging him to explain as much to his sister. Dysart read this letter with considerable astonishment. He wondered why Jack did not write himself to Lena, and explain, but he had too much confidence in his friend to let anything like mistrust creep into his thoughts about him; and although he shrewdly surmised that Jack's "important business" had something to do with the mysterious message he had seen him receive that day at the club, his lack of suspicion and his delicacy prevented his intruding upon what the note indicated was strictly the private affair of Jack.

So he faithfully carried out his intended brother-in-law's instruction, and thereby removed a load of anxiety from his sister's heart. Like her brother, her faith in Crœsus was unbounded, and she was satisfied to ask no questions. Down in her heart she may have felt a little resentment that any "business" could exclude her even temporarily from first place in her lover's thoughts; but Lena Dysart was a thoroughly sensible girl, and eminently given to taking practical views of all things. And so, for the past week or more, she and her lover had held no communication.

Little Elsie—the child's name was Elsie May Darcy—and Jack had become great friends. With the quick instinct of childhood, she put entire trust in him. He rarely went out without taking her with him. They went to the museums together, and on two afternoons to the Zoo; he bought her books, and read to her each evening before the appearance of good Mrs. Crump signaled the approach of bedtime. Old Dr. Jellet watched with interest the progress of their fellowship, and failed to discover anything parental in Darcy's attitude; the child liked to call him by his old nickname, "Crœsus," and he in turn dubbed her "the Duchess,"—a name whose meaning her childish mind evidently misinterpreted, and which she frequently resented by vehemently exclaiming, "I ain't a dutchie!"

And so the days wore on, Jack dividing his time between the sick-room, his little charge,

and miserable hours spent alone thinking of Lena, of his brother, and feeling vague unrest as to the future.

It was toward the close of a long Saturday afternoon, nearly three weeks from the day on which Mrs. Darcy had been taken sick. Jack sat alone in the great window-seat, gazing out into the street with a sad, wistful expression in his blue eyes.

The gas was lighted, and Dr. Jellet was making his evening visitation in the sick-room. The patient had been growing worse all day, and had reached a very critical condition. She had been delirious most of the time from the first, and her only really lucid interval had been that very morning, when little Elsie had gone in and had her usual quiet crying spell, because her mamma could not speak to her. The child's voice had aroused the sick woman, and she had drawn the little golden head down beside her emaciated face on the pillow, and feebly stroked the little tear-stained cheek. The moment of returning consciousness was a short one, however, and as the haggard face, which had once been so beautiful, turned restlessly away from the little rosy one on the pillow, the tired nurse turned abruptly away, and old Dr. Jellet's eyes were suspiciously luminous as he gently lifted the child and carried her out. He knew that it was for the last time, and a great lump rose in his throat as the child turned in his arms at the door and threw a kiss in the direction of the bed.

The doctor watched her tenderly as she got together some of the playthings which Jack had bought her, and started out to visit the little Crumps. When she had gone he went down into the office and found Jack, and told him to be prepared for the coming of the end. It was a blow to poor Jack. He saw his plans for the happiness of others, laid with such cost to himself, tottering on the verge of ruin; he thought of poor little Elsie; he thought of his brother,—the brother for whose sake he had suffered so much, and who was responsible for the ruin of the sweet life drawing so rapidly

to a close; with that life would die all chance of atonement.

The *portière* over the door of the sick-room softly swung aside, and Dr. Jellet came slowly out. Jack heard his step, and walked toward him. The eyes of the two men met: those of one full of anxious inquiry and outspoken misery; of the other, full of keen searching light, yet withal sympathetic. What curious act of fate it was that prompted the old doctor to speak as he did,—to use a term which he had never before applied in Jack's presence,—will never be explained. He never removed his regard from the other's face, and it was a full moment before he spoke. "Mr. Darcy," he said, "your wife is—"

Jack started as if he had been shot. "*My wife!*" he repeated, in a slow, dazed way.

But Jack's startled look was not what interrupted the doctor. As he uttered the words he saw over Jack's shoulder a man appear in the open doorway,—a man with a face perfectly ghastly in the pallor which suddenly overspread it. With an exclamation of pain the newcomer raised his hand to his head, and staggered forward into the room.

Jack turned quickly around. His face, too, became deadly white. It was Frank Dysart. "Frank!" he gasped; "you here?"

Dysart made no reply, but remained standing in the centre of the room, while the livid hues of his face changed rapidly.

Dr. Jellet hastily left the room.

Jack stood as if fascinated by the awful look in the man's eyes.

For a full moment they stood thus, facing each other; then Dysart slowly advanced, drawing off his glove as he did so. Jack never moved. Within a foot of him Dysart stopped, and raising his arm, struck the glove with all the force he was able across Jack's face. "*You damned cad!*" he hissed, between his clenched teeth.

For an instant Darcy swayed backward under the force of the blow. Slowly the look

he had worn when he sprang upon the poacher, Dobbs, came into his face, his hands clenched, and he started forward. His left hand was at Dysart's throat, and his right was raised to strike, when suddenly the expression of his face changed, and his hands dropped harmlessly to his side. He could not strike Dysart. His head dropped forward, and he turned away.

Little Elsie entered the door. The child hesitated on the threshold as she caught sight of Dysart, and her eyes wandered from him to Jack, and then to the glove lying on the floor, where it had fallen after being hurled against Jack's face. Quickly, and with indescribable grace, she advanced and picked it up, and extended it to Dysart.

"I think you must have dropped your glove," she said, politely, her eyes fixed steadily on his own.

Dysart stared at her for a moment, taking the proffered glove in a mechanical sort of way. Then a sudden flush overspread his face, and his eyes refused to meet the steady gaze of those big blue ones. He stood abashed for a moment, and then turned quickly and left the room. With a cry as of supreme agony Jack tottered to the mantel-piece and buried his face in his arms.

"Elsie! Elsie!" came faintly from the sick-room. With a glad little cry the child ran into the room. Darcy, too, quickly lifted his head and turned away from the mantel and followed Elsie. At the doorway he was met by the nurse, who pushed him back gently, telling him in a low tone to go for Dr. Jellet. The doctor was in his room, and came at once. Indeed, he hurried past Darcy, and when the latter reached the door of the sick-room the doctor was already at the side of his patient. The first glance at the group within told the worst to Jack.

The mother, in full possession of her faculties in that supreme moment, lay with her dying eyes fixed tenderly on the little form clasped feebly in her arms. The little one was not crying, but her big blue eyes were

opened very wide; and while one soft little hand tenderly stroked the loose hair clustered around the fair white temples, the childish lips were repeating over and over again, "I love you, mamma; I love you, mamma." Jack advanced to the foot of the bed. The eyes of the dying woman, wandering for a moment from the face of her child, fell upon him. They lit up with recognition as they did so, and a feeble motion of the hand brought him to her side. Her lips moved; she was trying to speak. Jack bent low to catch the words. They came slowly and with great effort on the part of the speaker. "Elsie,—your brother's child—find Cordella—and tell—him—"

This was all. The lips refused to frame the words of the last love-message; the hand clasping little Elsie's tightened a little, and then relaxed; the pale face turned slowly to the child's. . . .

That night, sitting in the window-seat with Elsie in his arms, and his pale face rendered whiter by the flickering rays of the electric light outside, Jack undertook the task of presenting to her childish understanding the full meaning of the change about to take place in her life. He tried to comfort the little heart that would not be comforted. Elsie would lie passively listening for a while, and he could see that the child tried hard to get consolation out of his talk, but it was of no use. Great convulsive sobs would cause the little frame to tremble from head to foot, and then she would clasp her arms tightly around his neck and cry softly to herself.

It was after one of these prolonged, quiet crying spells that Jack discovered that the child had cried herself to sleep.

He did not dare to move lest he should wake her. . . .

In the midst of this fresh calamity, and in his anxiety to assuage the grief of little Elsie, he had almost forgotten his own trouble, and his encounter with Frank Dysart seemed to have happened days ago, instead of only a few hours. With the temporary ceasing of

Elsie's troubles, thoughts of his own position came surging over him again. How it all was to end he could not tell; he almost felt that he did not care. It seemed impossible that he could be plunged into any greater depths of misery than those of the present; he told himself that the worst that could possibly happen had come to pass, and that he cared no more for anything. . . . Then Lena's sweet face came up before him, and for the first time he broke down; he leaned his head against the cool glass of the window, while tears coursed down his cheeks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

1825 Fifth Avenue,

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

Dear Sir,—Last December a circular letter was sent you pertaining to the exhibition of college journals at the Paris Exposition this year.

I would like to say, in reference to the matter, that enough colleges have entered the plan to warrant the fitting up of a reading-room, and you would greatly oblige me if you would bring the matter before the students, and call their careful attention to it.

Your paper is among the best of your particular class, and would very probably obtain an award.

Among those that favor the plan are Harvard, Yale (excepting *The News*), Cornell, Dartmouth, Williams, Lehigh University, Stevens, R. P. I., etc.

Hoping to hear from you in regard to this matter before the 23d inst., I remain,

Yours respectfully,

C. WELLMAN PARKS,

*United States Superintendent of Publications,
Paris Exposition, 1889.*

Noticeable Articles.

SCRIBNER'S for February has an interesting illustrated article entitled "Walter Scott at Work," by E. H. Woodruff, with a little introduction by Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell, who furnishes, as a part of the illustrations, specimens from the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak," now in his possession. Old-fashioned readers like ourselves will enjoy the hearty way in which President White speaks of his youthful obligations to Scott. A curious illustration is given of Scott's immense popularity in the following statistics:—"Down to 1856 there had been printed of his 'Life and Works' 7,967,369 volumes, requiring 99,592 reams of paper, which weighed 1,245 tons. The People's Edition required 227,831 reams, or 2,848 tons of paper. The number of sheets used was 106,542,438, which, laid side by side, would cover 3,363 square miles,"—that is to say, more than two-fifths of the State of Massachusetts. During the period when Scott was editing the Complete Edition of his novels, no less than a thousand persons, one hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were occupied in the manufacture of the books. The whole paper is very interesting.

In the same number is a paper by Austin Dobson, with reproductions of quaint old illustrations, by Hogarth and others, of that famous London place of entertainment of olden times, Vauxhall Gardens.

In gay Vauxhall now saunter beaux and belles,
And happier cits resort to Sadler's Wells,

as some rhymester wrote in the days of George the Second.

Harper's for February contains a very noticeable article upon Ruskin. It might almost be called a treatise on Ruskin, for it occupies thirty-eight of Harper's double columned pages, and is altogether the most elaborate attempt to estimate the value of Ruskin's writing that we have ever met. It is by Dr. Charles Waldstein, a well-known writer on art, and though marked by a certain German ponderosity of style, it is full of interest and instruction. While dealing with Ruskin as a really great writer, "a striking personality, and with a great life-work," he is not blind to one of his eccentricities and absurdities, and, one might almost say, insanities; and he writes as a critic thoroughly versed in æsthetics. He shows how misleading, untrustworthy, and contradictory, with all his brilliancy and eloquence, Ruskin is when taken as a

serious writer on art, though he does full justice to his power and picturesqueness as a descriptive writer. Here Ruskin is really great. "I feel confident," says Dr. Waldstein, "that whoever has read the words of Ruskin will thereafter approach nature with a new faculty of appreciation, will have his attention directed to what he before passed by with indifference, and will discover what before was hidden; and that even those who possessed this habit of mind before will have it intensified and enlarged by the guidance which he will have given them. And this will not be only with regard to the beauties of the Alps or the stormy sea, but they will be able to extract elevating pleasure out of each flower that blooms before the window in the summer, and even out of the graceful tracery-work of the bare branches of the tree, deadened by the cold winter, that stands in dreary loneliness at the back of their town-house or in the city square." This is very true; and among all the volumes of selections from Ruskin's voluminous works that have been attempted, it seems a pity that no one has made a collection of his often wonderfully beautiful descriptive passages.

Dr. Waldstein pays his respects to Ruskin's economical crotchets, and altogether has given a very judicious estimate of a man whom one is tempted alternately to consider as a very great writer; and when one is vexed with his absurdities and puerilities, to pronounce a crazy crank.

The Century for February has an interesting paper on the portraits of that unhappy Queen, Mary Stuart, about whose life and character more ink has perhaps been shed than about any other in modern history. It is illustrated with several of the portraits which have the greatest claim to authenticity; but of all the numerous representations of her, no one has any clear claim over the rest. "Nearly fifty paintings of all sizes, generally believed to be originals by their owners, were exhibited at Peterborough, at the Tricentenary of her death in 1887." She cannot possibly have looked like them all, and no one knows now which is the real likeness of the beautiful Queen. A few miles from Peterborough the curious traveler can see the mound and ditch, which are all that remain of that famous castle of Fotheringay, where she spent the last days of her imprisonment, and where the executioner's axe brought a terrible end to her stormy life.

W. P. A.

THE LOUNGER.



VERILY the Worcester Technological Institute is a thorn in our side. Unconsciously, perhaps, that "little brother" of ours has of late become a source of considerable agitation among us. The appropriation of our college colors has in itself been annoying enough, without the crowning annoyance

which now arises from the confusion of the names of the two institutions. I refer to the recent theatrical scandal which the Boston press has attributed with so much gusto to us. Occurring as it did during vacation, few of the Techs. were here to read the glowing accounts of their (?) misdoings. It seems that about forty Worcester Techs. saw fit to attend a performance of the "English Burlesque" in a body. This in itself was all well enough, but they carried beans in their pockets and tin tubes in their sleeves. When the young ladies of the troupe, who buy their clothes of the Plymouth Rock Co., appeared on the stage these forty young gents warmly greeted them—with beans. The combined efforts of the management and the Worcester police enticed a representative number of the party behind the scenes, and there ensued a general apology, first to the company, then to the audience. Not content with this, the manager wrote an apology and induced the crowd to sign it. Lo and behold, the result! The paper was published in full the next morning by the Worcester Press. As usual, the Boston papers got hold of the wrong end of the story, and there was served up to the public a highly-embellished account in which forty Techs figured as traveling off up to Worcester with the laudable intention of cleaning up the town. It is bad enough to have to stand between our own Freshmen and their misdeeds, without shouldering the silly misconduct of provincial larkists.

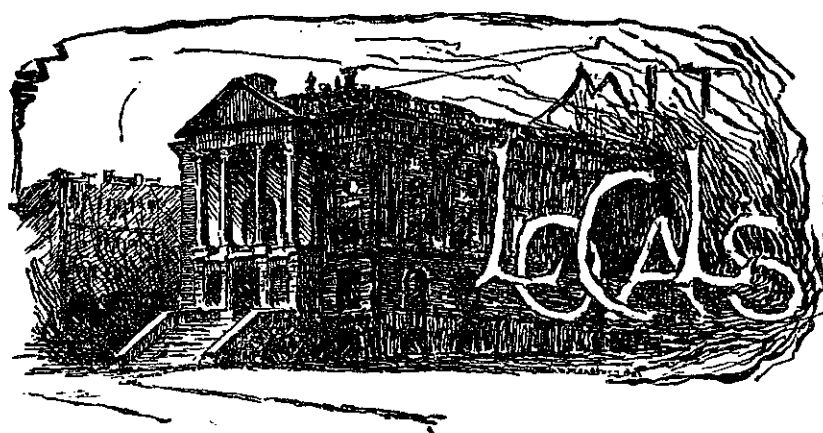
It appears that there is to be no Senior Ball this year; and perhaps it is just as well that it is so.

What with the cotillion parties, the annual Senior reception, and the two Freshman dances,—the latter of which nearly equals, in point of numbers, any annual gathering in the city,—Technology has its full quota of terpsichorean entertainment, and the Senior ball can be readily dispensed with. But it does not follow that the custom of an annual courtesy to the outgoing class is to be allowed to die out; at least not this year. The members of '89 have put their hands into their pockets and cheerfully given for the last three years to the tribute to outgoing Seniors, and it is only right that '89 should have "her innings." What is needed is something which will not call for the extravagant costliness of the usual ball, and already a scheme is under way which, if carried out, will eclipse in point of social enjoyment the old custom, and certainly will not result so disastrously financially, to those actively concerned. Of this new plan we may expect to hear more later.

But there is no lack of other kinds of social events in the near future. Society of '90 talks of a theatre party, and the Class dinner is one of the coming events. The Freshmen are to have a dinner, too, and the Seniors, of course. The annual "Tech" dinner, select and brainy, comes this term. Then there are the society dinners, and the spring meeting of the Athletic Club. Surely there is little cause for complaint against a dearth of amusement.

Apropos of the Athletic Club, there are rumors in the air of a benefit for our general athletics in the shape of a minstrel performance. Why not? That kind of entertainment is very popular just now, and there is no lack of material in the Institute. The Glee Club and the Technology Quintette stand high in college musical circles, and there is plenty of other talent. '90's little burnt-cork entertainment two years ago, though an impromptu affair, was a pleasant surprise to everybody, and it is understood that some of the fellows engaged in that one are quietly looking up the possibilities for such an entertainment as is now proposed.

Rashly, '91: "Er vereprach es ihm dass er nicht weggehen wolle." "He promised him that he would not give it away."



Mr. Charles F. Hammond, '91, has been elected a member of Hammer and Tongs.

The '89 Civils have a "Truss Bridge" as a problem in bridge construction and design.

The Glee Club held its regular rehearsal Tuesday, February 5th, in Association Hall.

Dr. Norton has a new assistant, who has been working upon the development of Asiatic mines.

It is rumored that the Glee Club has a bright calendar for March. We wish you the success you so justly deserve.

Why doesn't '89 brace and elect a committee on the Tech. song? Here is a chance for her to leave another marking-stone.

Mr. Kean, '89, has gone to the Bermudas, to complete his investigations on the lily blight, which were commenced last year.

Charles G. Merrill, '88, has been made Superintendent of the laboratories of the Wm. G. Merrill Chemical Co., at Cincinnati.

There was a meeting of the Class of '92 on Saturday, February 2d, to lay more fully before the Class the object of the Class Society.

The Hammer and Tongs met at Young's on Saturday, 9th; twenty-four members were present, and an enjoyable meeting was the result.

Ninety has started the class suppers. Soon the societies will have their whirl, and the doleful Seniors will have their just rewards and be forgotten.

The Freshmen need a course in spelling. The other day a bulletin-board appeared in the

Hall of Rogers with the following inscription: *Society of '92*.

The '92 tug-of-war team has challenged the Harvard Freshmen. The reply is to be delayed until a captain for the Harvard team has been elected.

In the Industrial Lab., the other day, a fourth-year student sustained quite an accident by receiving on his face and body strong fumes of ammonia.

The annual struggle of the Junior Chemists with phosphor-bronze is now in full blast. The shock is so severe that Sheldon has stopped——. You know.

Owing to the change of management and the work devolving upon new men, the *Quarterly* may be delayed a little in coming out the next issue.

The Glee Club having lost its Director, Mr. Cobb, through death, a new one, Mr. Coleridge, has been procured, who will commence his duties at the next rehearsal. The Club expects to give concerts in Boston, Northampton, Wellesley, Salem, and Hingham. The one in Boston will be given in about a month and a half.

There are twenty-one men working in the Industrial Chemistry Laboratory this term. The capacity of the dyeing department has been more than doubled.

February 6th the Glee Club, together with the '90 Quintet Club, assisted in the entertainment given to students of the Boston Colleges, at the Clarendon Street Church.

At a meeting of the Society of '92 held Feb. 9th, the date of the Society dinner was changed from Saturday to Tuesday evening. The next meeting will be held February 26th.

The Society of '92 met Tuesday, February 5th, and decided upon Saturday, February 16th, as the date of the Society supper. It was voted to have no wine. E. P. Whitman was elected toast-master.

The Chess Club held a meeting Wednesday, February 6th, in Rogers, 22. V. Windett, '89, was elected President, and Rice, '90, Vice-President. The Club will begin a tournament next Thursday at the Thorndike.

Mr. Geo. M. Basford, '89, has resigned the presidency of the Co-operative Society, owing to the pressure of other work. Mr. W. B. Poland, '90, by virtue of his office as Vice-President, now becomes the President of the Society.

The K₂S held its regular monthly meeting at Young's, on Friday, the 8th. Twenty members were present to participate in the ceremonies pertaining to the initiation of Messrs. G. E. Merrick, '90, A. F. Shattuck, '91, and S. T. Dow, '91.

Professor (to student who has asked a question for the sake of hearing the boys laugh): "Of course, Mr. F——, it is always necessary to have an end man."

F——: "Then, professor, you consider this a minstrel show."

A party of Senior Civils are going on one of their periodic jags. This time it is an inspection of the sewerage system of the South Cove. It is said that a strong-armed washerlady fired one of the men down a flight of stairs on the last trip of this kind.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has offered a \$100 prize for the best essay upon "The Effect of Humane Education Upon the prevention of Crime." Open until March 1, 1889, to any undergraduate of an American college.

The Class of '89 M. A. held its semi-annual gathering and banquet at the Revere House, recently. President Edw. F. Sherman presided, and the twelve gentlemen present indulged in general discussion after the dinner. President Sherman and Secretary and Treasurer Webster were re-elected.

Mr. H. M. Waite, '90, and Mr. C. E. Hathaway, '91, have been elected to the Editorial Board of the Tech., and will begin their duties with this issue. There are still positions vacant

which should be filled before the end of the term. The Sophomore Class has been particularly scanty of its contributions.

Professor Stillman recently gave two interesting lectures on "Sugar" before the Industrial Chemistry Class. Starting with the cane, he carried the processes on until the pure, refined sugar was the result. The lectures were supplemented by a tour of inspection through the refineries at East Boston.

All the members of the Senior Class are especially requested to look their handsomest before photographer Smith's camera, before March 15, 1889, for on that date the sittings close. With the characteristic putting off till the last moment, fault cannot be laid to the artist if hurried work is unsatisfactory.

The Afternoon Dance at Cotillion Hall on Saturday, February 9th, was a delightful occasion. The music was excellent, the floor very good, and there were pretty girls in plenty to be seen gliding about the smooth floor, supported by some sturdy "Tech." These afternoon parties have always been a feature of the Institute, and deserve wide popularity.

The regular monthly meeting of the Electric Club, held on the 7th inst., was in the form of a trip over the new electric railroad to Allston, where the plant of the system is located. Here the club was met by Mr. H. E. H. Clifford of the Institute, and by Mr. Edward Blake of the Sprague Electro Motor Company, who very kindly escorted the men through the works. After spending a very pleasant afternoon inspecting the plant, the club returned to the city by special car, voting the trip a success in every respect.

The subjects which the Fourth-Year Electricals have chosen for their theses, are: The Efficiency of the Electric Car, Hobart and Gannett; Alternating Current Transformers, French and Fiske; Alternating Current Transformers, Bulkley and Lauder; The Microphone Transmitter, F. L. Dame; The

Induction Balance, W. L. Smith; Specific Inductive Capacity, G. U. G. Holman; Inverse E. M. F. of the Arc, Edgett and Kinsman; The T. H. Motor, Warner and Truesdell; Induction Coils, F. A. Laws; The Weston Dynamo, Hunt and Bradlee; The T. H. Dynamo, Pike and Whitney; The Storage Battery, Power and Rounds.

The Class of '89 held a meeting on Saturday, February 9th, for the purpose of electing the Class-day Committee. The class meeting was one of the largest ever held. The three marshals were balloted for separately, and the twelve other committee men to make up the fifteen usually elected, were elected by one ballot. The result was as follows: Chief Marshal, J. Parker B. Fiske, 2d Marshal, Franklin Warren Hobbs, 3d Marshal, Hollis French; these, together with the following twelve gentlemen, form the committee; viz., J. Laurence Mauran, James Porter Gilbert, William B. Thurber, William Elton Mott, Fred. W. Ranno, Richard L. Russel, James Weld Cartwright, Jr., Jasper Whiting, Arthur W. Ayer, Nathan Durfee, George F. Basford, and Frank L. Dame.

A pretty lady and a witty verse
In ruder days, St. Valentine, were yours;
A pound of bonbons, and a heavier rhyme,
Is all the homage of the present time.

The following, in the metre of an ancient Greek epic, may be of interest to some of our Juniors:—

Hyperbolas drawn on the card, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case;
We have to put down by the yard, tra-la,
Some stuff that's disgustingly hard, tra-la;—
We always commence it with grace.

And that's what we mean when we say
or we sing,—
"Oh hang exponentials and that sort of thing,"
Tra-la la-la la-la, etc.

Two Negatives.

She answered "No"; tears rose to fill
Her bonny eyes; yet something still
Bade him stay on,—perhaps the slight,
Soft pressure of her hand, which might
Have been her heart's own sweet "I will."

But ah! how hope died in the chill
Of that hard word. It dimmed the light
Of moon and stars, as trembling, white,
She answered "No."

Then, loth to leave his love until
Essayed was all his lover's skill,
Her slender waist encircling quite,
He whispered, "Did I hear aright?"
When, softer than a song-bird's trill,
She answered, "No."

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

The Harvard Freshman Crew issued a challenge to the Columbia Freshman Crew, to be accepted before Feb. 15, 1889.

Plans are in operation at Wesleyan to start there a "House of Commons," to be conducted by the students after the plan of the English House. The matter is under the direction of Professor Wilson, who has started similar organizations successfully at Johns Hopkins and at Princeton.

In the United States, one man in every 200 takes a college course, in England one in every 500, and in Germany one in every 213.

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the university grounds.

The Dartmouth Faculty, having considered some of the "grinds" in the last *Aegis* objectionable, have suspended the nine editors, and deprived the scholarship holders of those benefits for the remainder of the year. Is that the "Dartmouth System?"—*Amherst Student*.

There is a movement on foot at Princeton to form a co-operative society, on account of the exorbitant prices which the students are now obliged to pay for books.—*Yale News*.

By a strange coincidence, Dr. Asa Gray, of Harvard, and Thomas Irvine Boswell, of

England, the two most noted botanists of recent times, died on the same day.

The *Bates Student* has appeared in a new cover of very artistic design.

The Amherst Senate is considering the advisability of appointing a graduate committee on baseball. They have sent to the *Crimson* for information concerning the methods now in vogue at Harvard.—*Daily Crimson*.

Delaware students are rejoicing in their new \$5,000 gymnasium. Oh that we too——! —*Oberlin Review*. Ditto!

Pious professor, remonstrating with Sophomore guilty of repeated vicious practices, lays his hand affectionately on student's shoulder and says: "My young friend, the Devil has hold upon you."—*Ex*.

That there will be a perfect whirlwind of competition for positions on the *Burr* editorial staff next year. We wish that a gentle breeze of this nature would strike us now.—*Lehigh Burr*. Brace up, '91.

Hi, Oh, Hi; Oh, hi, oh; Hi, hi, oh, hi; O-ber-lin!—*Oberlin Review*.

The lock-boxes have proved a decided success, and the Institute is to be congratulated upon its superior postal facilities.—*Stevens Indicator*.

The catalogue of Williams College shows a total of 286 students. Total number of *alumni* is 3,030.

The following colleges have reported more than 1,000 students: Harvard, 1,790; Columbia, 1,489; University of Michigan, 1,475; Yale, 1,134; Northwestern, 1,100; University of Penn., 1,067.

The third annual convention of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association will be held at Young's Hotel, February 22d, at five o'clock P. M.

The candidates for the Princeton nine have been reduced from 25 to 15.

An Andover Club is soon to be organized in New York.—*Yale News*.



First Junior: "Say, old man, why are your skates so poor?"

Second Junior: "Because they are strapped."—*Courant.*

BEGGING TENNYSON'S PARDON.

Broke, broke, broke,

By this cold grey fate, ah me!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The chips that have gone to thee.

O well for my friend on my right

That he makes countless shekels at play;

O well for the banker, too,

That the chips go a-flowing his way.

And the little game goes on,

And the others get their fill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the cash for my washlady's bill.

Broke, broke, broke,

Yes, the others all win, you see,

But those dainty cardlets, that cold straight flush,

Will never come back to me.

—*Record.*

BUT THEN.

The sun can only set at eve;

The airy fairy hen

Can sit at any time of day,—

But then—

At day alone the sun can give

His golden light to men.

The candle shines whene'er 'tis lit—

But then!

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE SLEEPY MAN.

He'd sleep and snore in N. H. 4,

He'd nod in Fine Arts 3;

Ere history had scarce begun

He'd slumber peacefully,

Until, forsooth, this sleepy youth,

Who cribbed exams. ad lib.,

Received a "spike," for, baby-like,

A-sleeping in his crib.

—*Lampoon.*

A VISION.

The theatre crowded; radiance, beauty, light.

It is "The Winter's Tale" she plays to-night;

A dual rôle. The actress is a sight—

They tell me that.

They tell me, yes, or I could ne'er tell you;

For here before me is a screen of blue

And pink, a hopeless barrier to my view—

A woman's hat!

—*Tablet.*

A Fly Ball—the policeman's.—*Lampoon.*

EXPERIENCE.

Poets may sing their plaintive wails,

Historians tell their fearful tales,

Of wasted lives and broken hearts,

And the anguish of love's poisoned darts;

But they tell of nothing half so bad,

Nothing so harrowing or sad,

As the story read at a single look

At the stubs in a college man's old bank-book.

—*Williams Weekly.*

SOLITAIRE.

Such a picture of contentment

Makes she in the fire's glare,

That I almost feel resentment

Toward the game of solitaire.

As spectator I am present,

Waiting for the game to end;

Meanwhile, what can be more pleasant

Than myself to reverie lend.

So while slowly cards are falling,

Fast I close my weary eyes;

Soon sweet sleep my sense entralling,

Brightest dreams before me rise.

In any dream they come before me,

Those sweet features that I love;

Those bright eyes deep spells cast o'er me,—

Eyes blue as the skies above.

Quick from sleep do I recover

At her cry in deep distrust,

To find at last the game is over,

And she'd simply murmured, "Bust."

—*Williams Weekly.*

"How much is this silk a yard, sir?"

A blushing damsel asked

Of a gay and gushing salesman

Who admiring glances cast.

"Only a kiss," he answered,

With an audacious air,

As he unfolds the fabric

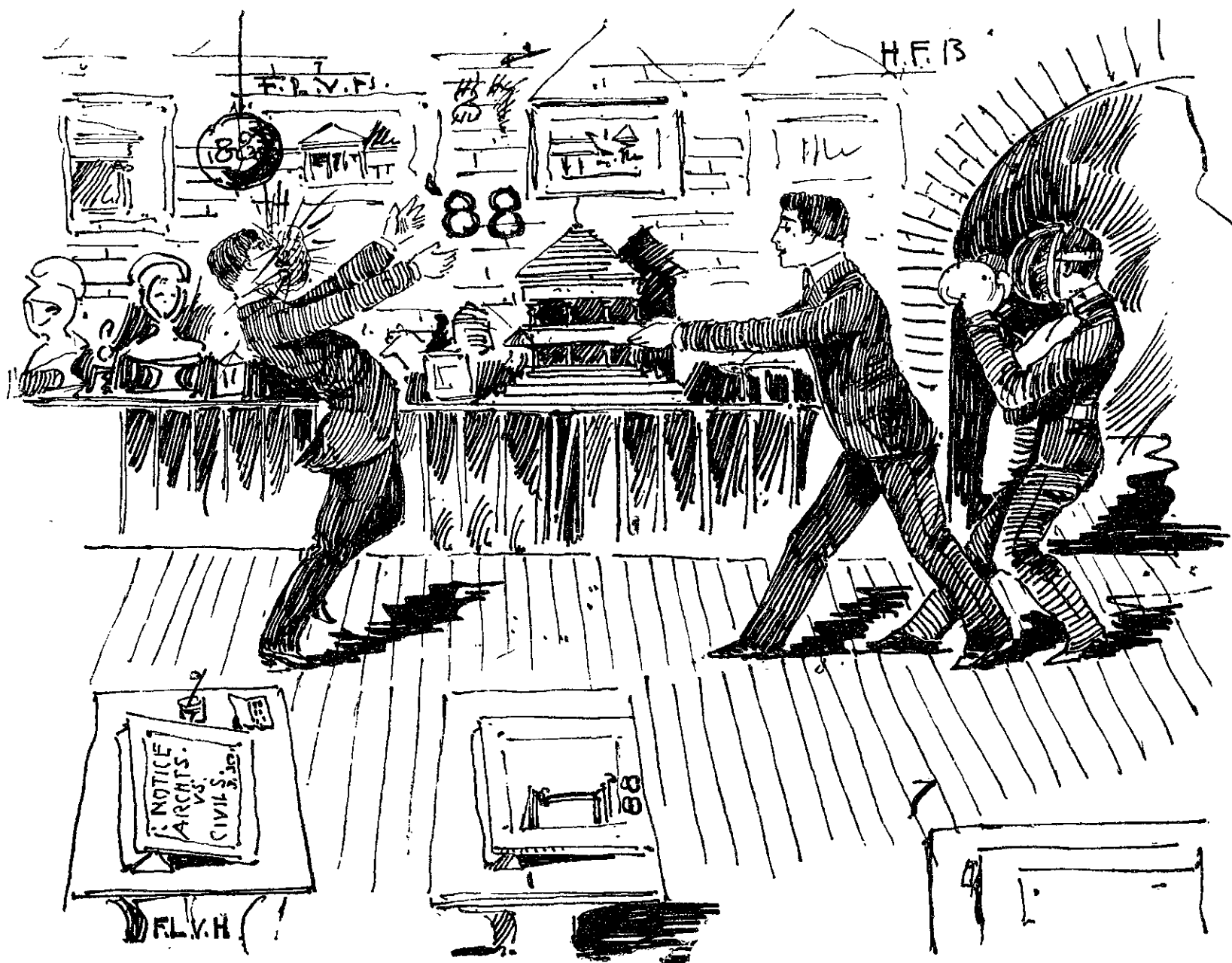
Before the maiden fair.

"If you please, I will take ten yards, sir;"

For awhile his heart grew still,

Till the cruel creature added:

"Grandma will settle the bill!" —*Record.*



BELIEVING IN A PROPER SUPPORT OF BASEBALL, OUR ARCHITECTS AT PRESENT DEVOTE THEIR IDLE HOURS TO PRACTICING THE NATIONAL GAME IN AN AMATEURISH SORT OF A WAY.

She poured his coffee with extra care
And carried it to his plate;
She stood beside him and smoothed his hair
And talked to him while he ate.
She jumped to help him on with his coat
And gave him a loving pat;
She tied a kerchief around his throat
And carefully brushed his hat.
He smiled to himself, for, although they
Had been married but a year,
He knew the signs, so he paused to say,
"What is it you want, my dear?"
She blushed a little and hung her head,
Pouted a moment or so,
Then "Only a sealskin coat," she said;
"A nice long one, dear, you know."

—San Francisco Call.

HER SOUVENIR.

"I was looking over my desk last night,"
She sighed, and twisted a sparkling ring
On her slender hand. "It is foolish quite
To keep past records. They only bring
"Regrets and thoughts that we might have done
More wisely—better in every way—
If we'd had the knowledge we since have won;
But yesterday never can be to-day."
"Too true," I said; "saddest tears are spent
Over rhymes and love-letters." "Oh, my dear,
I didn't mean *those* things! I only meant
The bills for the dresses I bought last year."

—Fudge.

Some men never like to be alone. Because
a man is judged by his company, you know.—
Yonkers Statesman.

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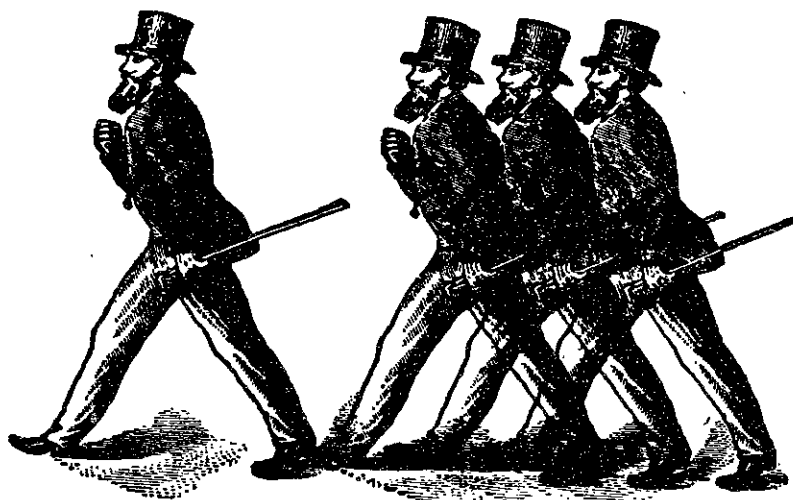
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DRILL CAPS, ETC.

"Why, Franky," exclaimed a mother at the summer boarding-house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 'twan't no use," said Franky, as he proceeded with his pie-eating.

A lady writer asks, "Why don't bachelors marry?" That's so—why don't they? Come to think about it, we have never yet seen a bachelor who was married. It's lamentable, too.—*Binghamton Republican*.

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